

Prepare Arms

by Construct Master

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Summary: A pristine alien Jungle, hushed, warm, beautiful - and then a Mongoose blasted through. A simple oneshot about one of the members of my fireteam, Fireteam Storm. Rated K for suggested violence, no profanity. Please Review!

## Prepare Arms

**\*\*This is a oneshot I wrote, to practice my writing ability. I strongly suggest reading the first two chapters of Halo: The Infinity's Storm before reading\*\***

Location: Unknown planet, thick jungle. 1 mile away from Covenant landing zone.

The day was quiet. A warm, tropical heat covered everything, but it wasn't humid. It was the kind of weather that made you sweat, but didn't smother you. The kind of weather that makes you want to just sit and do nothing. And it seemed that the jungle was doing just that. There was little wind, little movement, just the warm ambience of the cloudless blue sky against the bright green jungle.

But not for long. The aurora was interrupted by the distant hum of an engine, crashing through the underbrush. The engine belonged to a UNSC Mongoose. It was painted the standard UNSC olive green, and whoever was driving it was in a hurry. Peeling through the jungle, it started climbing a slope. This slope soon became rocky, and the trees melted away leaving only grass and vines in the tan rocks. The mongoose was climbing a mountain.

Approaching a collection of rocks jutting up in the sky, the occupant of the mongoose slowed to a stop, and jumped off. The driver's body was a collection of dark grey metal spikes, angular and jagged, and for a face it bore only two downward arrows, white and shining. A Spartan-VI, clad in MJOLNIR Venator armor. Her name was Hammond Waters, of Fireteam Storm. In the soldier's hands was a weapon, long and worn. On top was a small box with a pair of parallel tubes, blue

glass tipping the ends. It was a sniper rifle, built to kill from hundreds of feet away.

The Spartan walked toward the rock formation, picking through the vines and gravel, until she reached a small plateau. The warrior got down on her elbows, and deployed the sniper's bipod and looked through the Smart-Linked zoom. Her eyes were met with a large expanse of flat, grey ground, adorned with patches of gleaming purple metal.

The Spartan was looking at a Covenant landing zone, one of few to have a platform rather than an anti-gravity base. She studied the images appearing in her helmet, surveying the battlefield. There was a decent amount of Covenant troops, a few high-ranking elites, too. There were a couple wraiths in the area as well, however instead of a mortar, they appeared to be modified for cargo transport. Solitary purple towers cut through the sky, supposedly gravity tethers to suspend the ship. One more tower, more bulbous than the others, stood on one side of the field. A large green window was at its top. The control tower, then. Suddenly, her communication module crackled to life.

"Hammond, do you read?" It was Axel Lenovo, the leader of Fireteam Storm. He, along with fellow 'Stormers' Sam Cliffs, Mickey Thorne, and her brother Jacob Waters, were hiding next to the concrete field in the edge of the foliage.

"Yes, sir, I read you."

"What's it look like up there?"

A shadow appears in the clouds, in the shape of a Covenant Cruiser.

"Looks good Axel. The carrier is coming in now, and you're well positioned for a run in. They'll never know what hit them."

"All right then," Says Axel. "I'll get our 'runners' ready."

The cruiser approaches the landing site, gracefully floating into the reach of the tether towers. A wide green beam emerges from the belly of the ship, and a few elites float down. They walk over to the ones already on the ground, and begin chattering with them.

Something comes in on Hammond's radio. "Yep, nuke's good, railgun's loaded, let's go. Sam?" Sam agrees with a simple, "Let's go."

Axel's voice comes in, "Hear that Hammond? Time to start the fun. Clear up there?"

"Affirmative, you're good to go." The Spartan checks her sniper's clip, and homes in her scope on an elite.

"Alright then, on three. 1&2&3!"

End  
file.